

The Department of Music
of
The University of Alberta
presents

NANCY MILLIONS, piano

with guest artist

DIANE NELSEN, soprano

Friday, March 20, 1981 at 8:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

- I follow with gladness
from The Passion to St. John.Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)
- Sonata in A Minor, Op. 143 (1823). Franz Schubert
Allegro giusto (1797-1828)
Andante
Allegro vivace
- From Das Marienleben (1948). Paul Hindemith
Geburt Mariae (1895-1963)
Geburt Christi
Rast auf der flucht in Aegypten
Vom Tode Mariae III

INTERMISSION

- Non mi dir from Don GiovanniWolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)
- Valses nobles et sentimentales (1911).Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)
- Schlagende Herzen.Richard Strauss
Ständchen. (1864-1949)
Morgen

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
Bachelor of Music degree for Miss Millions.

TRANSLATIONS

Das Marienleben - The Life of Mary

Geburt Mariae -The Birth of Mary

Oh, what it must have cost the angels
not suddenly to burst out in song, as into tears,
Knowing that: this night, for the boy,
for Him, soon to appear, the mother would be born.

Whirling, they said nothing of the way,
yet showed where, solitary, lay Joachim's farm,
Ah, they felt, within them and in space, that pure consolation,
but to that farm might none descend.

For distracted were those two with what to do,
A neighbour came, feigned wisdom and knew not how.
Cautiously the old man went and stopped the mooing of a dark cow.
For never ever yet had it been thus.

Geburt Christi - Birth of Christ

If you had not that simplicity,
how should have befallen you what brightens how the night?
Behold, the God who on nations vented wrath,
relents, comes into this world, in you.

Did you imagine that he would be greater?

What is greatness? Across all measurements
he strikes through, runs his plain destiny,
A star, even, has no such way as that.
Can you see, these kings are great,
yet they bear to you and to your lap

those treasures they consider greatest,
and, it may be, you marvel of these gifts---;
but, in the creases of your shawl,
see how already he surpasses all.

All the amber which is shipped afar,
each gold adornment and the spice of air
that cloudingly descends upon the senses:
that was all of very brief duration,
and, in the end, a matter of regret.

But He (as you will see) makes glad.

Rest on the Flight into Egypt

These who still breathless even,
Fled from amidst child murder:
Oh, how imperceptibly great
they had grown in their travelling.

Scarce before, in timid looking back,
their terror's misery had faded,
already they were putting, on their grey mule,
whole towns in peril;

for, as they, small in the great land,
---nothing almost---neared gloomy temples,
all the idols burst, as if betrayed,
and wholly lost their meaning.

Is it conceivable that by their progress
all were so desperately enraged?
and of themselves they grew afraid,
the child alone was ineffably at ease.

Still, they had, in the course of it,
to sit down for a while. But then--
see: the tree that over hung them quietly,
went over to them like a serving man:

bowed low: That same tree
whose wreaths protect dead pharaoh's
brows for time everlasting,
bowed low. Felt new branches, leaves,
flourish. And they sat, as in a dream.

Vom Tode Mariae III - Of the Death of Mary

But ahead of the Apostle Thomas,
come too late, stepped the swift
angel who for this had long been ready,
and at the place of burial, commanded!

Push aside the stone. If you would know
where she is who stirs your heart:
See: like a pillow of lavender she was
for a time laid there within

that the earth might in future bear her scent,
as does a fine cloth, in its folds.
All that are dead (you feel), all that are sick,
are assuaged by her sweet fragrance.

See the linen: where is a bleachery
where it shall become dazzling, yet not shrink?
This light from the purity of this dead body
was more clarifying to it than the sunshine.

Are you not amazed how softly she went from it?
Almost as if it were still she, all is in place.
Yet the heavens above have been made to tremble:
Man, kneel down, gaze after me and sing.

Schlangende Herzen - Beating Hearts

Over fields and meadows went a boy,
Kling klang beat his heart;
on his finger gleams a ring of gold.
Kling Klang beat his heart;
O meadows, fields, how fair you are!
O mountains, vales, how fair!
How good you are, how fair you are,
you golden sun in heaven's heights!
Kling klang, kling klang, kling klang, beat his heart.
On the boy hastened with happy step,
Kling klang beat his heart,
took with him many a laughing flower--
Kling klang beat his heart.
Over field and meadow a spring wind blows,
over wood and mountain a spring wind blows,
drives me to you, softly, gently,
Kling klang beat his heart.
Between field and meadow stood a maid,
Kling klang beat his heart.
She shaded her eyes with her hand to gaze,
Kling klang beat her heart.
Over field and meadow, mountain, wood,
to me, to me he quickly comes,
oh, were he but with me, with me already!
Kling klang, kling klang, kling klang, beat her heart.

Ständchen - Serenade

Open up, open up, but softly, my child,
so as to rouse no one from slumber.
The brook scarcely murmurs, the breeze scarcely stirs
a leaf on bush or hedge.
So softly, my girl, so nothing shall stir,
just lay your hand softly on the latch.

With tread as light as the tread of elves,
to hop your way over the flowers,
flit out into the moonlit night,
and steal to me in the garden.
By the rippling brook the flowers slumber,
fragrant in sleep; love alone is awake.

Sit - here the dark is full of mystery,
under the linden trees,
the nightingale at our heads shall
dream of our kisses,
and the rose, waking at morn, shall
glow deep from the raptures of this night.

Morgen - Tomorrow

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
And on the path that I shall take,
it will unite us, happy ones, again
upon this sun-breathing earth...

and to the shore, broad, blue-waved,
we shall, quiet and slow, descent,
silent, into each other's eyes we'll
gaze,
and on us will fall joy's speechless
silence....

Non mi dir from Don Giovanni

Donna Anna tells her fiancée,
Don Ottavio, that she does not want to
be cruel by refusing to marry him
immediately, but that she cannot bear
the thought of a wedding so soon after
her father's murder.